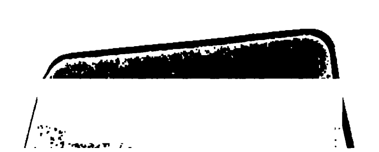
MARRIED LIFE OF RACHEL

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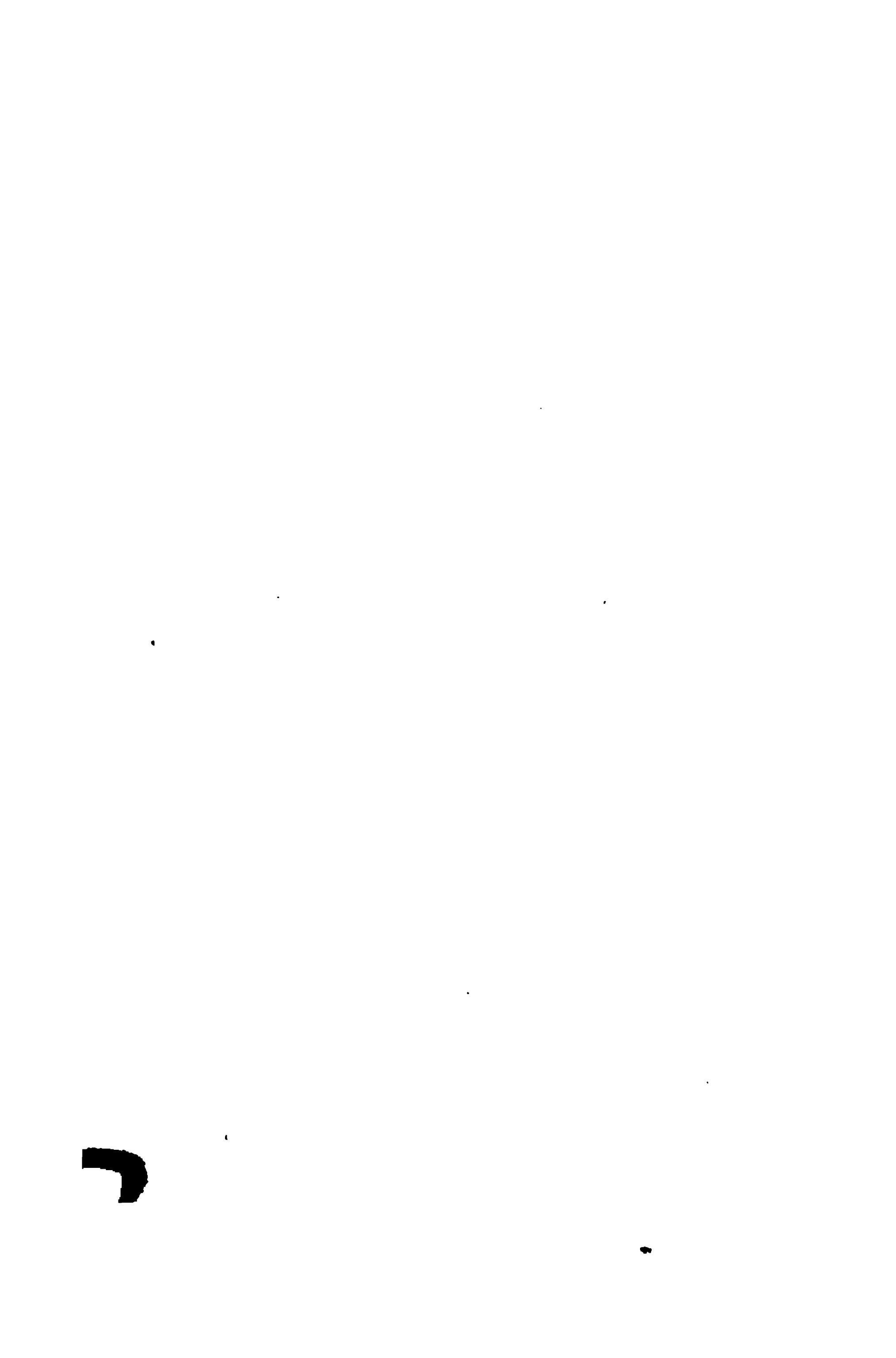






RACHEL

LADY RUSSELL.



THE MARRIED LIFE OF RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

BY

M. GUIZOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LONDON:
THOMAS BOSWORTH.
1855.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·
DOMI NUS ILLUMINA TIO MEA

TO

HER GRACE

THE

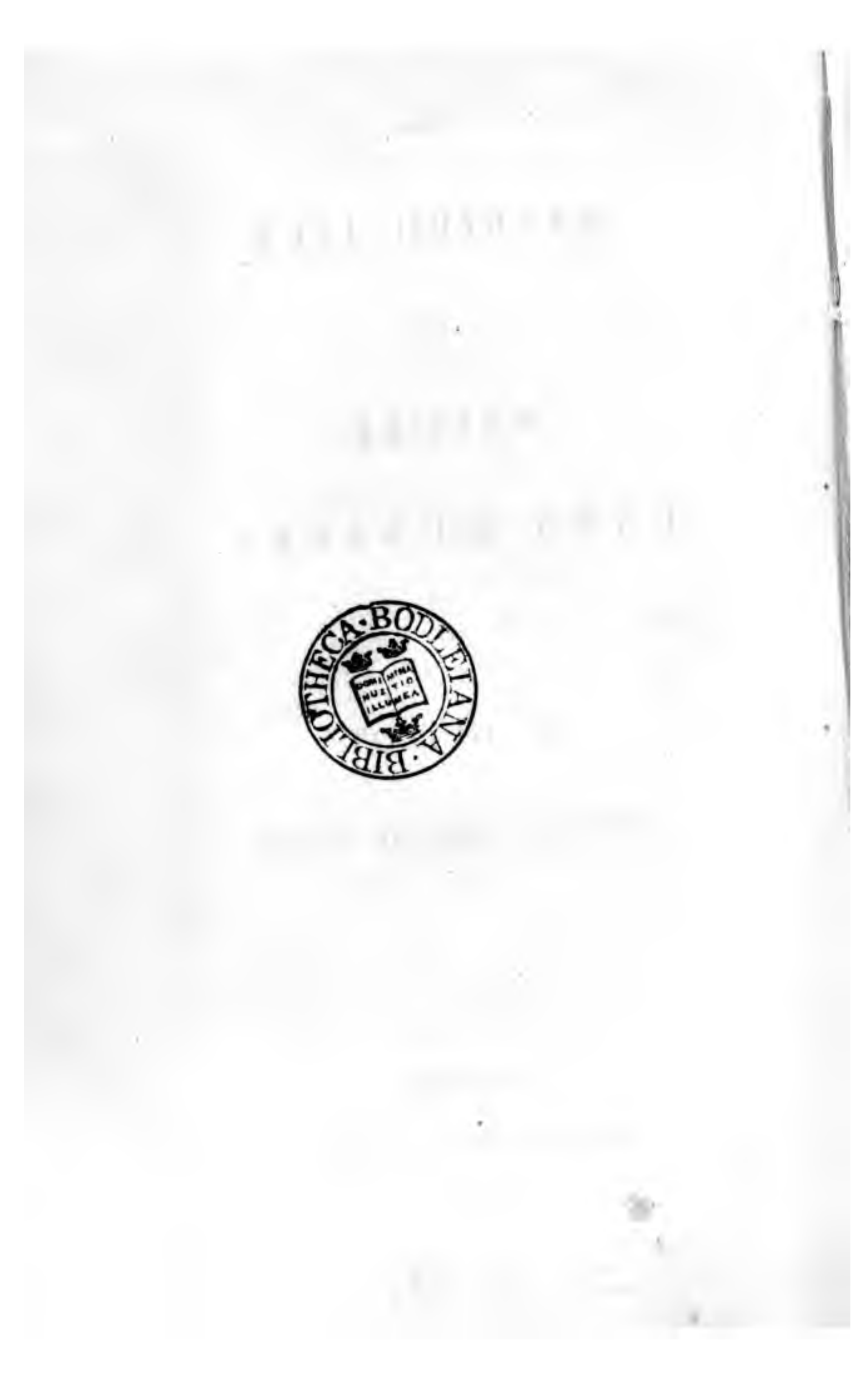
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This essay by M. Guizot, which appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," March, 1855, has been translated by permission of the author, and at the desire of the Duke of Bedford, as a valuable accompaniment to the collection of letters by Rachel Lady Russell, recently published.

The translation has been rendered as literal as possible, by the express wish of M. Guizot.

JOHN MARTIN.

Woburn Abbey,
June, 1855.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

I.

As romance is so much in request, why not search for it in history? There, will be found life, with its most varied and dramatic scenes, the human heart with its strongest as well as its most gentle passions, and above all a sovereign charm, the charm of reality. I admire and appreciate as much as any person the creative power of imagination, which places before us endowed with life, animation and feeling, ideal beings invested with the attributes of humanity, and displaying all the riches of the mind through the ever-varying vicissitudes of fortune; but those persons who have really lived, who have actually experienced calamities, passions, joys and sorrows, the contemplation of which is so interesting to us, fascinate me still more powerfully than the most perfect productions of poetry or romance. The living creature, the work of God, when seen under its divine aspects, is more beautiful than all human creation, and of all poets God is the greatest.

In studying the revolution of England, I have met with two episodes more attractive, in my opinion, than

any romance: a king seeking a marriage of affection, and love in the household of a Christian nobleman, where, in the characters of the most elevated personages private life is seen, with its most charming and most painful secrets, amidst the greatest events of public life. Perhaps at some future period I may relate the matrimonial project of the king: in this instance, it is the household of the English nobleman I desire to portray.

II.

AMONG the counsellors and defenders of Charles I. in his adversity, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was one of the most independent and most faithful. Neither the court, nor the grandeur of his own position, were to his taste. The almost simultaneous death of his father and elder brother, placed him unexpectedly in the possession of the title and fortune of his house. It was a source of more embarrassment than pleasure, and for some time he blushed, and turned away when addressed as, my Lord. His disposition was melancholy, indolent and proud, energetic but reserved, and taciturn, strongly attached to his own ideas and opinions, and ready for their sake at all sacrifices to brave haughtily every opposition, and without the desire of power, having little confidence in success, slow to hope, and quitting retirement only at the call of duty or necessity. When the struggle commenced between the king and the long parliament,



Lord Southampton took his seat in the House of Lords unfavourably disposed to the acts and claims of the Crown and the Government, above all to Lord Strafford. As a loyal Englishman, he respected the laws, national traditions, and the intervention of parliament in the business of the country. A just and meek Christian, although he did not regard liberty of conscience as a right, tyranny on this point disgusted him, and he desired more tolerance and charity for dissenters. On the opening of the long parliament, he frequently voted against the crown, the bishops, and for the reform of abuses and the punishment of excesses of religious and political despotism. He rarely appeared at court, where he was considered dissatisfied and a *Frondeur*, like his friend the Earl of Essex; but when he beheld the outbreaks of popular violence, the ravings and iniquities of the parliament, laws violated, and monarchy threatened by a band of despots, he at once returned and took his place, among the defenders and even the servants of the king with a conscientious pride, but without pleasure and without confidence. Opposed to all combination of party, troubling himself little about reforming the constitution of his country for the future; he resisted for the present, without regard to abstract maxims, or distant hopes, injustice, illegality, disorder and violence, under whatever name they were committed. The parliamentary proceedings against Lord Strafford appeared to him arbitrary, and the penalty excessive; this nobleman whom he formerly attacked, he now de-

fended. A vote of parliament had decreed that its members should not take office under the crown: he accepted, though unwillingly, the duties of privy counsellor, and subsequently that of gentleman of the bed-chamber. Civil war broke out; he deplored it, and anticipated no happy result, whoever should be the victor; he immediately joined the royal army, was present at the battle of Edge Hill, followed the court to Oxford, and became every day more dissatisfied with its proceedings. He still preserved there his independence, and his susceptible pride. He expressed himself on one occasion in severe terms at the council, upon Prince Rupert and his arrogant pretensions towards the English nobility. The prince having received an exaggerated account, inquired of him if it was true. The Earl admitted and maintained his words, repeating them exactly. Rupert, still feeling offended, conveyed to him a message, that he expected to receive satisfaction, and to meet him soon sword in hand, on horseback. The meeting took place the following day. "What weapon do you choose?" asked the Prince. "I have no horse here fit for this purpose," said the Earl, "I know not where to find one on so short a notice; on the other hand I am not powerful enough to encounter your highness in this mode; I beg you will excuse me and permit me to choose the arms that I can use; I will fight on foot and with pistols." Rupert agreed without hesitation; seconds were appointed, and the meeting fixed for the next day; but the affair having been noised abroad,



the Lords of the Council interfered, caused the gates of the city to be shut, summoned the seconds, and succeeded in reconciling the Earl with the Prince, who treated him ever afterwards with the greatest respect.

The civil war terminated, and the king having fallen into the power of parliament, Lord Southampton eagerly sought opportunities of approaching him and means of serving him. When all had failed, when the trial, the sentence, and execution of Charles left him nothing more to hope or attempt, he did not feel himself exonerated from all duty towards his royal master; the 18th of February, 1649, the day when the remains of Charles were to be deposited in the royal tomb at Windsor, Lord Southampton was one of the four who followed to the entrance of the vault, the coffin of the prince whom he could neither exonerate nor save. The snow fell so heavily that in the short distance to be traversed, the black velvet pall, which covered the coffin, became completely white, symbolic of the innocence which the faithful followers of the king desired to establish. Royalty being abolished, during the protectorate of Cromwell, Lord Southampton lived in retirement in his house at Titchfield in Hampshire, alike ignorant of the plots of his own party, and the new authorities of his country; invariably faithful to the proscribed Charles II., sending him good counsel and such pecuniary aid as his fortune, diminished by sequestrations and taxes would permit, but taking no part in attempts at insurrection of the royalists, nor

in the combinations of dissatisfied republicans, nor in the intrigues of foreigners. His good sense, his jealous patriotism, and his natural indolence, united in retaining him in this state of inaction and honour. He was informed one day, that Cromwell being in Hampshire on the occasion of the marriage of his son Richard, intended to surprise him with a visit. Lord Southampton immediately quitted his residence, and did not return until Cromwell had left the county. When the restoration took place, Lord Southampton, notwithstanding his immobility during the interregnum, immediately placed himself in the first rank of the nobles and advisers of Charles I. whom royalist feeling had called to power; he was moreover the intimate friend of the Lord Chancellor Hyde, who then possessed the entire confidence of Charles II. Lord Southampton was appointed first Lord of the Treasury, at the same time that Hyde became Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon, and during seven years the two friends, alike in principle though different in character, ruled with difficulty a profligate and heartless king, an intriguing and corrupt court, a victorious though dissatisfied party, and a proud nation humbled and irritated. Clarendon, who was ambitious, laborious, passionately attached to his church, his cause, his power, and his rank, struggled with desperation against his enemies, old and new, and against the decline of his influence with his royal pupil, now become his king. Southampton, less active, loving his ease and leisure, more liberal in mind and

heart, and tormented by painful maladies, conscientiously discharged his duties in making vain efforts to maintain some order and honesty in the finances, frequently melancholy, disgusted, and ill, he evinced, to the great chagrin of Clarendon, his desire to quit an office which he held without pleasure or success. France has witnessed, in the last century, two virtuous and extraordinary men, Turgot and Malesherbes, associated in like manner in the exercise of power, and with dispositions nearly similar: Turgot, full of ardour, faith, hope, and perseverance; Malesherbes equally sincere, but weaker, more easily discouraged, saying: "Turgot will not let me retire; he does not perceive that we shall be both turned out." They were in fact turned out by the weakness of a king well disposed like themselves, who valued them, but who did not support them better than he defended himself. Charles II., as clear-sighted as he was corrupt, soon discovered that Lord Southampton was indifferent to power, and sought to profit by this indifference, quietly to free himself from an independent and inconvenient counsellor; but Clarendon, employing all the influence that remained to him, maintained his friend in office, as he did himself. Lord Southampton, who was Lord Treasurer until his death, which took place a few months after, quitted office and life, without falling, like the Lord Chancellor in the sadness of exile, under the unjust hatred of the people and the ingratitude of the king.

III.

LORD Southampton had married a French lady, Rachel de Ruvigny, daughter of one of those noble families,* who in the sixteenth century, neither from personal interest, nor from any temptation of power or wealth, but from the simple conviction of faith and conscience, embraced the cause of the Reformation, feeble and persecuted, even from the cradle. At the period of the marriage of Lord Southampton with Mdlle. de Ruvigny, the edict of Nantes was in full force, and Richelieu, while he crushed the protestants as a political party, did not molest them in their religious rites, and even employed, without hesitation, in different public capacities, those who showed themselves devoted to his own interests and those of the Crown. Mazarin followed the example of Richelieu; equally prudent with regard to the religious liberty of protestants, but more timid in admitting them into public employment. Though unmolested and tranquil by the limitations of the edict, defeated Protestantism lost daily in France that true freedom of action and of general opinion, without which there is no secure guarantee for liberty. Their churches were not closed, neither were the protestants compelled to leave the country: but were condemned to private life,

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* Their name was *Massué*, Lords of Raynevel in Picardy, Marquis de Ruvigny. See the *Dictionnaire de la Noblesse* de la Chesnaye des Bois, t. ix. p. 594, et le *Nobiliare de Picardie*.

isolated, and like aliens. The Marquis de Ruvigny, brother of Lady Southampton, was among the protestants of this period, one of the most eminent and talented; during the troubles of the *Fronde,* he afforded to Anne of Austria, and to Mazarin himself, proofs of an active, useful, and persevering fidelity. When the *Fronde* was subdued, Mazarin, wishing to recompense Ruvigny, appointed him deputy general of the national synod of the reformed churches in France, a double and mediatorial office of negotiator, between the king and the protestants, and the protestants and the king. Ruvigny discharged this ungrateful duty with skill, often exposed to the suspicion and displeasure of both parties, but ever faithful to his king and his religion, indifferent about displeasing either party, provided he succeeded in maintaining between them justice and peace. However, this was neither his career, nor the sole object of his life; he wished to make his way, whether in the army or not, as a diplomatist; but he was given to understand, in that department he could not be employed without changing his religion. They made use of him among the protestants, a service which he alone could perform; but beyond that all future advancement was closed to him. After the death of Mazarin and the restoration of the Stuarts, the numerous relations of Ruvigny in England, his intimate connection with the family of Southampton, Russell, and other distinguished personages in the court or in the opposition, procured for him the attainment of his wishes, which he had hitherto sought in

vain; he was several times employed in the most private negotiations between the courts of Paris and London, labouring to secure sometimes the secret agreement of the two monarchs, at others the secret influence of Louis XIV. over the most violent leaders of the opposition in Parliament. Louis XIV. sincerely esteemed him, and Charles II. showed him a marked preference: "I have expressed to Ruvigny all that I have on my mind: never had France been as forward in their intentions towards us as when Ruvigny was here," wrote Charles to his sister the Duchess of Orleans. A true Frenchman, a devoted royalist, and sincere protestant, Ruvigny strove earnestly to serve at the same time his country, his king, and his faith, without deceiving himself with the hope of succeeding for any length of time in this difficult attempt. The edict of Nantes was still in force, but like those ruined and deserted edifices which only wait the slightest blow to crumble to the ground. Under the impulse of general opinion in catholic France, and the earnest requisitions of the clergy, and wishing to satisfy the false and fatal idea that power has right over conscience, and that a united government commands unity of faith, Louis XIV. with a disregard of honesty that he did not exercise towards foreigners, broke sometimes secretly, sometimes fearlessly, the royal promises and legal guarantees which a part of his subjects had received from his predecessors. The Marquis de Ruvigny, while serving the king was not deceived as to the aim and final issue of this



work; and resolved, when the last moment arrived, to sacrifice everything rather than his faith and honour, he took measures beforehand to obtain for himself and his children letters of naturalisation in England, and in January, 1680, he wrote to his niece, Lady Russell, "I send you our letters of naturalisation, which will be safer in your hands than in mine. I beg you, and your sister also (Lady Elizabeth Noel), to preserve them for me. They may be of use, for nothing can be more uncertain than the future." The event was not long uncertain: five years after the edict of Nantes was formally revoked; Ruvigny obtained with considerable difficulty as a reward for his services, and through the personal favour of Louis XIV., permission to retire, rather than fly from the country with his family, and some years later, in 1711, the king granted to the Abbé de Polignac the confiscated property of his son, Henry de Ruvigny, engaged in the service of William III., and created in England Earl of Galway. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, without speaking of its general consequences, deprived France and the king of those three excellent and illustrious servants, the Maréchal de Schomberg, in the army; the Admiral Duquesne, in the navy; and the Marquis de Ruvigny, in diplomacy.

IV.

BY the marriage of the Earl of Southampton with Mdlle. de Ruvigny a daughter was born in 1636, who was like her mother named Rachel. Descended from two noble and conscientious lines of ancestry, educated in principles of piety and virtue, she received from the events in the midst of which she passed her youth, those powerful moral impressions which elevate the mind without overpowering it, and learnt from an early period to sympathise with the misfortunes of others, and to bear with resignation domestic trials. She lost her mother in her infancy. Lord Southampton married a second time, frequently a cause of many annoyances, even when it is not a source of real unhappiness; but it by no means diminished the tender affection he bore to the two daughters of his first wife, and Rachel's respect and attachment to her father experienced no change. In politics she saw him devote himself without hesitation or degradation of mind, to the cause which, all things considered, he believed the most just; remaining at the same time a patriot and a royalist. In religion, the views and actions of Lord Southampton were imbued with a mild and liberal piety: nothing, in the life which his daughter led, disturbed or removed the impressions which her father's salutary example afforded her. Precisely at the period when she emerged from childhood into youth, she lived far from the world

in the country, in those habits of tranquillity, dignity and simplicity, of social elevation and popular benevolence, which constitute the honour and the credit of a Christian aristocracy. In 1653, when seventeen, she was beautiful, pious, and cheerful, not too much led away by imagination, disposed to enjoy life calmly, receiving her blessings as favours, and her trials as lessons, from the hands of her Creator. Lord Vaughan, the eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, made proposals of marriage for her to her parents, with scarcely any previous acquaintance. It was as she afterwards expressed herself to one of her friends; "acceptance rather than choosing on either side." She went to reside with her father-in-law, at Golden Grove in Wales, and discharged without effort or display all the duties of her new position, inspiring those around her with a real affection, produced by the effect resulting from a mild spirit, a gentle disposition, and above all, a goodness so perfect, so constant, that it was remarked to herself as a singular merit. A friend of her husband's wrote to her, "There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your Ladyship is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honour you, neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise." Fourteen years were thus passed by Lady Vaughan, happily and virtuously. In 1665, she gave birth to a child who died almost immediately. In 1667, she became a widow, but we have no details of the death of her husband; she resided with her

beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Titchfield, in the house of her father, where she had passed her infancy. Lord Southampton, on his death, left to his two daughters all his property; Lady Elizabeth Noel received for her share, Titchfield; the estate and domain of Stratton, also in Hampshire, fell to the lot of Lady Vaughan.

V.

ABOUT the same time, William Russell, second son of the Earl of Bedford, three years younger than Lady Vaughan, made his *début* in the world and in public life. After travelling three years on the Continent, he returned to England a short time before the restoration, and was elected a member of the House of Commons which restored Charles II. to his throne. There are few traces of his life and character at this period; a note addressed by him to Mr. Thornton indicates a disposition sincerely pious: "I am recovering," he says, "from a violent illness, which has reduced me almost to the gates of death. My prayer to God is, that he will grant me grace to employ my health in his service, and to make good use of the trial which he imposed upon me." Yet the habits of the times, the example of the court, the seductions of youth, and perhaps a naturally indolent mind and careless disposition, threw him for a time into habits of irregularity. We hear of his being engaged in several duels, provoked probably by frivolous causes; but at the mo-

ment of this act always serious in itself, however trifling the cause, serious reflections were revived in the mind of the young Lord Russell, imbued as it was with an affectionate simplicity and touching benevolence. The 2nd of July, 1663, he writes to his father, the Earl of Bedford:—

"Although I think I have courage enough to fight with anybody without despairing of the victory, yet nevertheless that the issue of combats depends upon fortune, and it is not always he that has most courage and the justest cause who overcomes, but he that is luckiest; and having found myself very unlucky in several things, I have thought fit to leave these few lines behind me for to express (in case I should miscarry) some kind of acknowledgement for the goodness your Lordship has had in shewing me so much kindness above what I have deserved. I have the deepest sense of it in the world, and shall always during life make it my business to express it by my life and actions. For really, my Lord, I think myself the happiest man in the world in a father, and I hope if I have not already, I should at least for the future, have carried myself so as not to make your Lordship think yourself unhappy in a son. My Lord, in case I miscarry, for without it I suppose this will not come into your hands, let me beg it of you to remember me in the persons of those who have served me well. Pray let not my friend Taafe suffer for his generous readiness to serve me, not only on this occasion, but in several other wherein he has shewed himself a very

generous and kind friend to me; therefore pray bring him off clear, and let him not suffer for my sake. For my men, I doubt not but your Lordship will reward them well. For Robin, my footman, because he has served me faithfully, carefully, and with great affection, and has lost a great deal of time with me, I desire that twenty pounds a year may be settled on him during his life: and the French man I hope you will reward very well, having served with care and affection. For my debts, I hope your Lordship will see them paid, and therefore I shall set them down to prevent mistakes. I owe one hundred pounds, forty pounds, and I think some four or five more to my Lord Brook; this is all I owe which I can call to mind at present, except for the cloaths and some other things I have had this winter, of which my man can give an account. I have not time to write any longer, therefore I shall conclude with assuring your Lordship that I am as much as it is possible for one to be,

Your Lordship's, &c. &c.

WILLIAM RUSSELL."

A life cannot continue long ill-regulated when the mind is so upright, respectful and affectionate. The morals of William Russell were not long in rising to the level of his mind. Lady Vaughan was probably no stranger to the re-establishment of moral harmony in the young nobleman, to whom she was about to be united. Of all human influence, that springing from virtuous love is the most powerful and



the most gentle. No details exist of their first acquaintance; we know only from a letter of Lady Percy, half-sister to Lady Vaughan, that, in the year 1667, William Russell had been attracted by the young widow: "he professes a great desire," says she, "to gain one who is so desirable in all respects." Lady Vaughan had no children by her first marriage, and was moreover a rich heiress. William Russell, a younger son, had neither title nor fortune to offer her. He was on that account more timid and reserved; but there existed between them too much natural and intimate sympathy to permit such considerations, or the opinions of the world to keep them long separated. The marriage took place in the beginning of the year 1670, but according to the custom of English society, Rachel Wriothesley preserved the name of Lady Vaughan until the year 1678, at which time, by the death of his elder brother, William Russell became the heir, and took the title of Lord Russell. In our days we should have expected that Lady Vaughan would not have waited so long in adopting the name of the man whom she loved; personal feelings have gained a victory over aristocratic tastes, and recently Lady Cowper has not hesitated to give up her title of Countess, on her marriage with Viscount Palmerston, and assume the inferior title and name of her husband.

VI.

THERE is nothing more delightful in the world than pure and virtuous love, that spontaneous and sincere development of the desires and intimate feelings of the mind, which has so much attraction, affording infinite pleasure in its contemplation, even when presented burdened with error, trouble, disappointment and sorrow. Love harmonising with conscience, overflowing the soul with joy, without disturbing its beauty or its peace, is the highest flight of which human nature is capable, the satisfaction of our aspirations at once the most human and the most divine; it is Paradise regained. The union of Rachel Wriothesley and William Russell presents this rare and delightful character. Rachel has hitherto appeared tranquil, simple, virtuous without impulse or without effort, pursuing modestly the direct and ordinary path of life. Her heart so well suited to appreciate, though without seeming to seek for it, is now possessed by ardent love and supreme happiness. Rachel gave herself up to these feelings with perfect freedom and trust; she loved with equal ardour, and innocence, and was perfectly happy. She writes to her husband: "If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the

knowledge I have of my own wants, will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit, to so desirable a blessing; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to." And again, eight years after: "My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats: they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you:" and also a year later; "to see any body preparing, and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going without saying something to my best life; . . . . . . I would fain be telling my heart more things—any thing to be in a kind of talk with him; but I believe Spencer stays for my dispatch: he was willing to go early; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back; where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by R. Russell."

Lady Russell did not confine herself to merely talking to her husband of her love; she testified it for him actively in trifles as well as in great things, by entering into all his concerns, his tastes, by living with him in the world when he wished for society, or in the country, when he preferred it, in taking care of his amusements as of his happiness. When they were separated, which rarely occurred, the one at Stratton, and the other in London, she kept herself informed in politics, and the news of the day, the occupations of their friends, the events of society, and conveyed them promptly to him without much exertion of mind, or any design of raising herself in his eyes, but as an observer solely interested in collecting what would interest or divert him. In May, 1672, she writes to him from London.

"I am very sure my dearest Mr. Russell meant to oblige me extremely when he enjoined me to scribble to him by the post, as knowing he could not do a kinder thing than to let me see he designed not to think me impertinent in it; though we parted but this morning, which I might reasonably have doubted to have been, when I have passed all this long day and learned nothing new can entertain you and your good company. All I see either are or appear duller to me than when you are here, and I do not find the town is enlivened by the victory* we have obtained. . . . . Many whisper the French behaved them-

* This was the bloody engagement at Solbay, of the 28th of May, in which the Duke of York gained a dear-bought advantage over the Dutch fleet, commanded by De Ruyter. Lady



selves not like firm friends. The Duke of York's marriage is broke off. That, or other causes, makes him look less in good humour than ordinary. They say she [the Archduchess of Inspruck] is offered the King of Spain, and our Prince shall have D'Elbeuf. Mrs. Ogle is to marry Craven Howard, Tom Howard's son; and Tom Wharton has another mistress in chase, my Lady Rochester's grandchild, but he is so unfortunate before the end, that it is mistrusted he may miss her, though the grandmother is his great friend. Young Arundel, my Lord Arundel of Trerice his son, is extremely in love, and went down where she is, and watched her coming abroad to take the air, rode up to her coach. Mr. Wharton was on horse by the coach side. Arundel thrust him away, and looking into the coach, told her no man durst say he valued her at the rate he did. Mr. Wharton, like a good Christian, turned the other cheek; for he took no notice of it; but the other having no opportunity to see or speak to her, was thus forced to return; but Wharton is admitted to the house."

I would say that beyond this ardent, lively and tender love, another sentiment—I will not say another love, I like not similar words for such different meanings—another sentiment reigned in the mind of Lady Russell, and early strengthened it for the day of trial, during the days of her happiness. She was a true Christian in mind and heart, full of faith

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Russell, we see, confirms what Burnet says of the supposed treachery of the French fleet, then acting as our ally.

in the dogmas of Christianity, of submission to christian precepts, without bigotry, disliking controversy, animated with discriminating and elevated charity towards those who did not think exactly as she did. It will be seen shortly, when the visitation of the Almighty fell upon her, with what singular precision and beautiful harmony she combined christian and human sentiments, piety and love. I wish only now to point out the dominion of faith in her mind when in a state of complete felicity, and this mind overjoyed with her lot here below; preparing itself with a deep and humble conviction, to receive from the hands of God the chastisements of which she appeared to have a presentiment. In one of her letters in which she expresses herself to her husband in terms overflowing with tenderness and gratitude, she stops suddenly, and says to him, "What have I to ask but a continuance, if God see fit, of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission without murmur to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence; having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in: he knows best when we have had enough here; what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, which ever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon us. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident,

being unprepared. Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it: it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present, which I hope will be long ..... Let us pray daily that it may be so, and then admit of no fears; death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with?"

Ten years had passed away since the day when Lady Russell addressed from London to her husband, then at Stratton, these pious words: Lord Russell was in his turn a temporary resident in London, and his wife wrote to him from Stratton, September 25, 1682. "I know nothing new since you went; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more; happy still, and entirely yours."

VII.

SCARCELY ten months after this letter replete with so much affection, happiness and love, the thunderbolt fell on this serene atmosphere; Lord Russell was a prisoner in the Tower, and appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey accused of high treason. For several years during which he sat in the House of Commons, he took little part, nor perhaps much interest, in the debates. He was young and moreover influ-

enced by the impetuosity of youth. England slowly exhausted the joy and the hopes which the restoration had inspired. From the recollections of the Revolution, its principles, its acts and actors, a complete re-action occupied all minds: Charles II. and his court, with licentious egotism, encouraged these vicious feelings till by constant indulgence they became habitual. Their pretensions, their vices, their errors, gave rise to questions and new passions. The old royalists, the men who had served Charles I. and fought against Cromwell, had disappeared; new men, and under their guidance, new parties, appeared on the stage: the court party and the country party, afterwards Tories and Whigs, heirs, but heirs thoroughly transformed from Cavaliers and Roundheads. Parliament had become the arena and the indispensable instrument of political power; the royalist long parliament, carried on though condemning the work which the revolutionary long parliament had undertaken; the restored monarchy triumphed with the same weapons that had overthrown it; the king governed the country by the parliament, and the parliament through its leaders became the advisers of the crown.

By a coincidence not to be observed without emotion, it was about the same time that Lord Russell married Lady Vaughan, and that he joined the country party against that of the court. Domestic happiness and ardent patriotism took possession of his mind at the same period. Gifted with a generous, pure, and benevolent disposition, an elevated mind, but limited

in its perceptions, a character more obstinate than firm, allowing himself to be easily led away to rule or to deceive, as party feeling prompted him, he soon became one of the most powerful opponents of the court, and moral ornament if not the chief political leader of the country party. Ever ready to peril himself in the cause he adopted, for eleven years in the House of Commons he undertook the defence, and frequently the initiative of the extremest measures of opposition, among others the exclusion of the Duke of York on account of his religion, from the succession to the crown. He had in his party and in the nation, beside the merit of devoting himself to them, the charm of participating almost always in their prejudices, their passions, their blunders, their excitements; superior to all by his rectitude, similar to all from the bent of his mind and his opinions. Thus he became the most popular as well as the most respected man in the kingdom, and the mutual relations and harmony which existed between him and the national party were such, that Lord Russell was little aware either of his own faults or those of his old friends, for they were only brought under his notice by enemies to whom no credit is given.

Lady Russell alone, in spite of her affection and modesty, entertained doubts on the propriety, or fears for the results of the policy of her husband, and expressed them to him with a frankness as firm as it was affectionate. In politics as in religion, she participated in the belief, the opinions and the wishes of Lord

Russell; she, like him, was endowed with a firm spirit, and patriotically interested in the fate of her country, but with a mind more just and more liberal, less prejudiced and more discriminating. In March, 1678, at the moment when Lord Russell undertook to support in the House of Commons a very bitter measure of the opposition, he received, whilst the house was sitting, the following note from his wife: "My sister being here, tells me she overheard you tell her Lord last night, that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg you silence in this case, at least to-day."

It is hardly necessary to read this letter a second time to come to the conclusion that this was not the first occasion on which Lady Russell had held similar language to her husband; her earnestness in conjuring him to tell her the truth breathes a gentle complaint of his having frequently concealed it from her, and a lively anxiety on what she dared not hope to prevent. Lord Russell was without doubt struck by this step on the part of his wife, for he carefully preserved the note, indorsing with his own hand the day and the place where he had received it. I am, however, of opinion, that he did not on this day, nor probably at any other time, follow the advice she gave him.

The time arrived when the king, although little inclined to a hazardous policy, and the parliament, however loyal and attached to the sovereignty, could no longer act together. The national party insisted that Charles II. by disinheriting his brother, should by his own act destroy the monarchy; Charles required of the national party submission at all risks to a prince who evidently aimed at changing the religion and the constitution of the country. Driven to extremity, the king endeavoured to establish despotism, and the national party rebellion. At the epoch of the crisis in 1681, when the last parliament of Charles II. was dissolved, two men, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Russell, were at the head of the struggle: Shaftesbury, already advanced in years, equally ambitious as indefatigable and corrupt, rendered so by every source of corruption, by the court, by power, by popularity; habituated from his youth to seek and to find success in intrigue and plotting, a bold and supple mind, sagacious and fertile, powerful over men, alike skilful to serve or injure, to please or embroil; allied, however, by pride and foresight to the protestant and national party, in his view certainly the strongest and eventually victorious, and thoroughly determined at all hazards to save his own life, to reap the reward of his intrigues, or to begin them again. Lord Russell, still young, sincere, zealous, inexperienced, of an inflexible mind, a heart replete with faith and honour, faithful to his party, ready to sacrifice his life for his cause, but too highly principled to dare everything

indifferently, either to succeed or to save himself. Between these two men associated in different degrees in the same enterprise, it was very easy to predict which would be the instrument in success, or the victim in the case of reverse.

Parties of the conspirators sometimes assembled, suspicious of each other, and without sufficient confidence in each other to confide their designs. Lord Russell proposed an armed resistance to royal tyranny, perhaps accepting from the bottom of his heart without avowing it, the consequences of such a resolution. Lord Shaftesbury took a clear view of his own intention, and was prepared at all cost for the overthrow of the king, and the establishment of a successor instead of the legitimate heir. Some proposed a sudden rising and the assassination of Charles II. There were among them republicans who cherished their dreams, and also traitors, either already in the pay of the court, or ready to surrender their secret and accomplices, as the price of their own safety. At one of these meetings, Lord Russell observed entering with Colonel Sidney and Hampden, Lord Howard, a man whom he despised. "What have we to do with this knave?" said he to his intimate friend Lord Essex, and he wished to withdraw; but Essex dissuaded him, entertaining a better opinion of Lord Howard, little suspecting that he was the man, whose testimony would soon destroy them both.

A few days after, Lord Mordaunt, a zealous royalist, and little disposed to conspiracy, but entertaining

a good will for Lord Shaftesbury, was present at the Duchess of Portsmouth's, the king's mistress, with whom, in order to promote his fortune, he had contracted a secret and very familiar intimacy. Suddenly it was announced to the Duchess, that the king had arrived, and was already at the top of the staircase. She immediately concealed Lord Mordaunt in an adjoining closet. Curious, and perhaps a little jealous, he looked through the key-hole, and perceived Lord Howard entering, who remained and conversed a long time with the king, but in so low a tone that Mordaunt was unable to hear. Released by the Duchess as soon as she was herself free, he left in great haste, took a hackney coach and repaired immediately to Lord Shaftesbury, whom he acquainted with what he had seen. "Are you quite sure of it?" said the Earl, looking steadily at him. "Perfectly certain," replied Mordaunt. "Well! my lord, you are a young man of honour; you would not deceive me; and if it is so, I must depart this evening." In fact, the same evening Shaftesbury left his house, concealed himself elsewhere in London, where, on the next day, a warrant was issued to arrest him, and a few days after he embarked at Harwich, took refuge in Holland, promising himself, with the Prince of Orange, an asylum and an avenger. When Chancellor he had violently promoted the war with Holland, repeating more than once: "Carthage must be destroyed." On his arrival at Amsterdam, he asked permission of the burgomaster to reside there; who

replied: "Carthage, not yet destroyed, willingly receives the Earl of Shaftesbury within its walls."

At the same time that the warrant was issued to arrest Lord Shaftesbury, a similar one was given to arrest Lord Russell, and to bring him before the council. The messenger charged with the warrant presented himself before the principal entrance of his house; but the back door had been left open, most probably intentionally. Lord Russell might have escaped; he would not, saying that his flight would be construed into a confession, and that he had done nothing which caused him to dread the justice of his country. However, he sent Lady Russell, in haste, to consult his principal friends; on the representations she submitted to them on his part, they were of opinion that he ought not to fly. He appeared before the king in council. "You are not suspected," said Charles, "of any design against my person, but I have strong evidence of your intentions against my government." After a long interrogation, Lord Russell was sent to the Tower. On his entrance he said to his valet Taunton, that there was a resolution taken against him, and that they wished to have his life, and on Taunton's expressing a hope that his enemies would not succeed in doing so: "They will have it," he replied; "the devil is loose."

I have no intention of relating here this memorable and celebrated trial. It is solely the private life of Lord and Lady Russell, their personal relations and mutual sentiments, in their sorrowful as in their

bright days, that I wish to describe. From the moment of the arrest of her husband, Lady Russell devoted herself with a zeal, as intelligent as it was firm and earnest, to all measures which might be useful to him. During the fortnight between his arrest and sentence, she went, came, wrote without intermission, collecting information, sustaining the courage of timid friends, and arousing the interests of the indifferent, seeking on all sides expedients whilst his lot remained undecided, and for chances of escape in the last extremity. In the mind and thought of every one, she was so absolutely and actively identified with Lord Russell, that when he complained that the list of the jury had not been communicated to him, previous to his trial, the Chief Justice and the Attorney General considered themselves justified by proving that Lady Russell was acquainted with their names. The evening before the day on which he was to appear at the court, she wrote to him: "Your friends, believing I can do you some service at your trial, I am extremely willing to try; my resolution will hold out, pray let yours. But it may be the court will not let me; however, do you let me try." The 13th of July, 1683, the trial commenced, the court was crowded with spectators. "We have no room to sit down," said the counsel. Lord Russell asked for pen, ink, and paper, and the use of any papers he had; which request being granted, he said: "May I have somebody write to help my memory?" "Yes, a servant." "My wife is here, ready to do it." Lady Russell rose to express her

assent; the whole audience trembled with pity and respect. "If my Lady please to give herself the trouble," said the judge: and during the whole trial Lady Russell sat by the side of her husband, his only secretary and most vigilant adviser.*

When the fatal sentence was pronounced, neither the courage nor the activity of Lady Russell gave way; she possessed a mind in which love, duty, and trust in God sustained in her, above all human calculation, fortitude and hope. Efforts of every kind were employed to save the life of Lord Russell; several of the most eminent men who surrounded the court pleaded earnestly in his behalf to the king; it would, they said, impose a debt of gratitude upon a powerful family, which rejected with severity, would never forget the injury, and on the other hand some regard was due to the daughter of Lord Southampton. From several quarters letters were written to Lady Russell recommending such and such steps to be taken, pointing out the hour, the day, and the place she ought to throw herself at the feet of the king, who would be unable to refuse her. The Duke of York was addressed in the same manner as the king. The duke listened quietly but gave no answer. The king impatiently answered Monmouth, "I would grant him a pardon, but I cannot do it without embroiling myself with my brother: say no more about it." And in answer to

* The picture painted by Mr. Hayter, representing this memorable event is now in the "Paris Universal Exhibition," lent by the Duke of Bedford.

Lord Dartmouth: "All that is true, but it is as true, that if I do not take his life, he will soon have mine." Other influences were now appealed to. The Earl of Bedford offered the Duchess of Portsmouth fifty or even a hundred thousand pounds for the pardon of his son; Charles replied: "I will not purchase my own blood and that of my subjects at so easy a rate." Lady Russell thought that her uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny, coming express from Paris with the consent of Louis XIV., might perhaps have some influence* with Charles. Ruvigny promised to come

* Lord John Russell has recalled as doubtful, in the life of his illustrious ancestor [fourth edition, p. 314] the attempts made in the name of Louis XIV. to save the life of Lord Russell, mentioned in the letters of Barillon, and the fragments quoted by Dalrymple. The doubt expressed by Lord John Russell was natural, since permission was denied to him to verify by the foreign archives of France, the quotations of Dalrymple. [In the new edition, p. xxi. Lord John Russell records the subsequent liberality of the French government.] I have made this verification, and the result convinces me that Louis XIV. did really desire Barillon to convey to Charles some few expressions, probably very cold, in favour of Lord Russell. We give the text of the letter, dated 29th of July, (19th of July according to the old style then in use in England,) 1683, in which Barillon gives an account to the king of his proceeding: "I shewed to-day to the king of England, a letter that M. de Ruvigny had written to me, and I told him your Majesty's directions upon the subject. The king in answer said: 'I am well convinced that the king my brother would not advise me to pardon a man who would have given me no quarter; I do not wish to prevent M. de Ruvigny coming here, but my Lord Russell will be beheaded before he arrives. I owe this example both for my own safety, and the good of my kingdom." [*Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France.*]

to London. "I am impatient, my dear niece," he writes, "to be with you. Three days ago the king arrived, and he has the goodness to consent to my journey." It was even said, that he would be the bearer of a letter from Louis XIV. to Charles requesting him to grant a pardon: "I cannot hinder M. de Ruvigny from coming here," said Charles to Barillon, "but before he arrives Lord Russell will be beheaded." Ruvigny did not come. At the earnest solicitations of his father, his friends, and without doubt his wife, Lord Russell resolved himself to write to the king and the Duke of York, to ask his pardon, setting forth: "that he had never had the least thought against your Majesty's life, nor any design to change the government; but humbly and sorrowfully confesses his having been present at those meetings, which he is convinced were unlawful, for which he is truly and heartily sorry; and therefore humbly offers himself to your Majesty, to be determined to live in any part of the world which you shall appoint, and never to meddle any more in the affairs of England." This step, which like previous attempts, was unproductive of any result, caused great pain to Lord Russell, and as he folded up his letter to the Duke of York, he said to Dr. Burnet: "This will be printed, and will be selling about the streets as my submission, when I am hanged."

A last chance was still possible, the best perhaps, although singular and indirect. The question of actual legality or absolute illegality of all armed resistance

to sovereign power at that time strongly agitated the public mind; the court party as well as that of the country wished equally to establish itself on principle, and to govern by right as well as by deed; for such is the noble nature of man, that he cannot resist the path of rectitude, nor can he safely rely upon force, when opposed to truth and justice. The English church maintained unreservedly the unlawfulness of resistance by armed force. Two of the most honest and moderate divines, Burnet and Tillotson, were in hopes, that if Lord Russell could be brought to allow that resistance was unlawful, the king would grant him a pardon. For a short time they entertained hopes of success, and Lord Halifax, when informed of it, told them that the king, to whom he had mentioned what had passed, was more moved by this prospect than by all other entreaties. The two theologians redoubled their efforts; Lord Russell listened to them with gentleness. Tillotson wrote a letter to him, in order to establish, in the name of the Christian faith, the maxim of non-resistance. Lord Russell took the letter into another room; after a short absence he said to Tillotson, that "he had read the letter and was willing to be convinced, but could not say he was so: for my part I cannot deny, but I have been of opinion, that a free nation like this, might defend their religion and liberties when any attempt was made to invade or take them away. If I have sinned in this, I hope God will not lay it to my charge, since he knows it was only a sin of ignorance." Burnet still tried to persuade him,

but Lord Russell put an end to the discussion, saying: "I cannot lie, I should do so if I went further." The point had been discussed with his wife, who far from tempting him to any act of weakness, sorrowfully approved and supported him in his sincerity. She is said even to have expressed displeasure at the pertinacity with which Tillotson pressed him on this subject.

All means, all hopes, successively disappeared; the fatal day approached. "I could have wished," said Lord Russell to Burnet, "that my wife would cease to beat thus among the bushes, and to run hither and thither to save me, but when I reflect that it will be one day some mitigation of her sorrow, that she left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, I am resigned." When they were together, they seemed both wholly taken up by efforts of self-control and mutual support; on her departure he followed her with his eyes; his emotion was on the point of overcoming him, he abruptly subdued it, and gave himself up entirely, whether alone, or with Burnet and Tillotson, to meditation, reading, and holy conversation. On the 19th of July, having been informed that the request for a respite had been refused, and that his execution would take place two days after, he wrote a letter to the king, to be given to him after his death, the chief point of which is contained in the last sentence: "I crave leave to end my days with this sincere protestation, that my heart was ever devoted to that which I thought was your true interest;

in which, if I was mistaken, I hope your displeasure against me will end with my life, and that no part of it shall fall on my wife and children, which is the last petition will ever be offered from your Majesty's most faithful, most dutiful, and most obedient subject." The next day, the 20th, early in the morning, he received the sacrament from the hands of Tillotson, who asked him if he believed all the articles of the Christian religion as taught by the Church of England: "Yes, truly." "Do you forgive all persons?" "From my heart." After dinner he read again and signed the speech he proposed putting into the hands of the Sheriff on the scaffold, as his farewell to life and country, and gave Lady Russell directions for having it published and circulated after his death. Lady Russell went for her children, and brought them to him. He kept them some time, discoursed with her as to their education, their future prospects, embraced and blessed them, and dismissed them without any apparent diminution of his serenity. "Stay and sup with me," he said to his wife, "let us eat our last earthly food together." During and after supper, he spoke particularly of his two daughters, and also of the great examples of death submitted to with calmness and freedom of spirit. At ten o'clock he rose, took Lady Russell by the hand, embraced her four or five times, both silent and trembling, their eyes filled with tears which fell not. She left him. "Now," said Russell to Burnet, "the bitterness of death is past;" and abandoning himself suddenly to his emotions: "What a

blessing she has been to me! How miserable I should have been, if, with her tenderness she had not possessed so much greatness of soul, never to have desired me to do a base thing to save my life! Whereas, what a week I should have passed if she had been crying on me to turn informer and to be a Lord Howard! . . . . It was a signal providence of God in giving me such a wife; where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great affection for me! but her carriage in my extremity was beyond all! It is a great comfort to me to leave my children in such a mother's care; she has promised me to take care of herself for their sakes; she will do it." He paused, and his thoughts reverting to himself: "What an immense change death will make in us! and how wonderfully those new scenes would strike on a soul! I have heard that persons born blind have been struck with amazement, when the cataract falling from their eyes sight was bestowed upon them; what would it be if the first thing they beheld was the sun rising?" He pulled out his watch and gave it to Burnet, saying: "I have done with time; now eternity comes."

On the next day, July 21, 1683, Lady Russell was a widow, and alone in her residence of Southampton House, with her three children; two daughters, aged nine and seven years, and one son three years old.

VIII.

IT is rather surprising, that in referring to the letters written by Lady Russell after so cruel a blow, we find two addressed directly or indirectly to Charles II., the king who had just refused to spare the life of her husband. Hardly had she quitted London, from whence she had fled to retirement in the country with her children at Woburn, with her father-in-law, the Earl of Bedford; she wrote to her uncle, the Honourable John Russell, Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards. "Apologies, dear uncle, are not necessary to you for any thing I do, nor is my discomposed mind fit to make any; but I want your assistance, so I ask it freely. You may remember, Sir, that a very few days after my great and terrible calamity, the king sent me word he meant to take no advantage of any thing that was forfeited to him, but terms of law must be observed, so now the grant for the personal estate is done and in my hands. I esteem it fit to make some compliment of acknowledgement to his Majesty; to do this for me is the favour I beg of you . . . . . . 'Tis not without reluctancy I write to you myself, and I do not love to give the least trouble to the friends and nearest relations of my dear and blessed husband."

A rumour from town soon reached the ears of Lady Russell in her retreat; she understood that the court, uneasy at the effect produced through the country by

the publication of the paper written by Lord Russell and given to the sheriff on the scaffold, had denied its authenticity; she considered this attack as an injury to the memory of her husband, and wrote in haste to the king. "May it please your Majesty, I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows to hear that your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expression he therein uses . . . . . . I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he, who in all his life was observed to act with the greatness, clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so . . . . . I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, and your Majesty in your greatest posts, and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you. I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign."

This simple and profound respect for monarchy,

this regard for established usages, this susceptibility, so humble in language, at the same time so dignified, proceeded from a disconsolate widow, a woman passionately attached to the conspirator, so recently executed for maintaining the right of resistance, and the liberties of his country. Days, months, and years passed; she remained the same, entirely given up to one single feeling without being overwhelmed by it; herself engrossed by her own inner world, yet at the same time attentive to, and interested in, the external one. Dr. Fitzwilliam, formerly her father's chaplain, now rector of Cottenham, and canon of Windsor, was her intimate and confidential friend; he was a thoroughly pious clergyman, with a sympathising heart, of a lofty and liberal mind, who took the deepest interest in the noble daughter of his former patron, and exerted himself to support and console her, to bring her through her trials nearer to God, and her own eternal salvation. To him Lady Russell opens her heart, to him she confides all her griefs, her moments of despondency, and the emotions of religious hope. I intend selecting a few of the most striking features of this correspondence; sufficient, not entirely to develop, but to give an insight into this noble spirit, extraordinary and wonderful in this, that passion and good sense, and tenderness of heart, with strength of mind never interfered with each other; and that, during forty years of widowhood she belonged exclusively to the memory of her adored husband, continuing interested and active in the business, the affec-

tions, the duties, and I might almost say to all the concerns of life and of the world which surrounded her.

Shortly after her calamity, Dr. Fitzwilliam sent her spiritual advice, and some forms of prayer, to raise her mind to God; she replied to him: "I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer.

You, that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend, but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so, consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow?" and a few days later: "All kinds of painful ideas assail my weakened and desolate heart: and when I have surmounted one I fall into another. If my affliction abates for a moment, a thousand reflections on the past arise before me. Who knows if some important act has not been omitted? If we had persevered more, he would perhaps have gone away; if such or such an error had been corrected during the trial, if other steps had been taken, he would perhaps

have been acquitted, and he would have been still in the land of the living . . . . . I think I am wrong to torment myself thus by all these unavailing regrets; but they not the less increase my grief . . . . . Lord! let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it: but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with; all these things are irksome to me now; the day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure, hinders my comfort: when I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink! . . . . . O! if I did but stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected! . . . . I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul of sin; secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests!"

After passing ten months at Woburn in solitude and inaction, she felt the necessity of a change of scene. The 20th of April, 1684, she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam: "I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place, Stratton, for a few days, where I have lived in sweet and full content;

considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: but I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me? Nor would I have it otherwise, so I resolve there shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me."

And five months after, the 1st of October, she acquaints him with her resolution, "to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The Doctor agrees that it is the best place for my boy, and I have no argument to balance that . . . . . . but by God's permission I will try how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me: but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days."

She did not put her project immediately into execution. Six weeks after she writes to him: "I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it that will reflect, the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life, I could sure have laid down mine to have had continued. It was, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But I must remember I have a better friend, a more abiding, whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know, not alone as good in a way of profit, but aimable in a way of excellency; then, spiritual joy will grapple with

earthly griefs, and so far overcome as to give some tranquillity to a mind so tossed to and fro as mine has been with the evils of this life: yet I have but the experience of short moments of this desirable temper, and fear to have fewer when I first come to that desolate habitation and place, where so many several passions will assault me; but having so many months mourned the substance, I think, by God's assistance the shadows will not sink me."

God indeed came to her aid, and though occasionally giving way to moments of despair, or of weakness, she soon overcame them, and again recovered the impartial firmness of mind and profound piety of heart, which enabled her to avoid all exaggeration of feeling in the contemplation of her lot; as the two following letters amply testify.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Woburn, 11 Oct. 1685.

"THE great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations He sees best, and when He will break us to pieces we must be broken. Who can tell His works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise His mercies more than wretched I, that He has not cut me off in anger, who have taken His chastisements so heavily, not weighing His mercies in the midst of judgments! the stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable

ground to hope that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? how were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing, admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me. . . . . . He has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness I trust to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew, not so much as a strong fit of the headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity; I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

11 July, 1686.

"I KNOW, Sir, I am very tedious; and if it be impertinent, I know also you will take it as if it were not so. Now I take this freedom scarce with any body else: but it is a great indulgence to myself, and I am very certain you are pleased I should use it.

I find it most especially useful on the return of these my saddest days, when dismal and yet astonishing remembrances crowd fastest into my mind. . . . . It is true we can, you are sure, bear the occasions of grief without being sunk and drowned in those passions; but to bear them without a murmuring heart then is the task, and in failing there lies the sin. O Lord, lay it not to the charge of thy weak servant; but make me cheerfully thankful that I had such a friend to lose; and contented that he has had dismission from his attendance here, an expression you use I am so much pleased with. When my time comes that I shall have mine, I know not how it will find me then; but I am sure it is my best reviving thought now; when I am plunged in multitudes of wild and sad thoughts, I recover and recollect a little time will end this life, and begin a better that shall never end, and where we shall discover the reasons and ends of all those seeming severe providences we have known. Thus I seem to long for the last day, and yet it is possible if sickness, or any other forerunner of our dissolution were present, I would defer it if I could; so deceitful are our hearts, or so weak is our faith. But I think, one may argue again, that God has wisely implanted in our nature a shrinking at the approach of a separation; and that may make us content, if not desire a delay. If it were not so implanted there, many would not endure the evils of life that now do it, though they are taught duty that obliges us thereto."

She wrote sometimes also, if not with the same freedom, at least with the same feelings to others, who rendered her important services or had shown true sympathy with her misfortune. Lord Halifax, amongst others, had interceded with the king after the execution of Lord Russell, for permission, which was not easily granted, that the family escutcheon might be affixed after his death, as it would have been under ordinary circumstances, over the door of his house. He had subsequently maintained friendly relations with Lady Russell, and endeavoured undoubtedly to offer some of those frigid consolations which satisfy those who do not need consolation; for she writes to him: "My Lord, for my part I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent us and lent us but for a time, we know, and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for any thing which is unnatural. It is insincere; and I dare say they did dissemble and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power, but yet if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion only, believe me, my Lord, has a power to make the spirit easy under great calamity; nothing less than the hope of being again made happy can satisfy the mind: I am sure I owe more to it than I could have done to the world, if all

the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me."

God reserved for her consolation full of anguish indeed, but effectual, in the imminent approach of new sorrows. Her son, scarcely four years old, fell seriously ill. She was on the very point of losing him when he recovered. Writing to Dr. Fitzwilliam; "God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them,—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part with tolerable ease from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part towards them their most dear and tender father would not have omitted, and which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit, that is, the case that holds it. It is a satisfaction to me you did not disprove of what I did in it, as some

do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself.

Doctor, I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time: I hope to wait without impatiency."

She had to wait a long time for that happy reunion which she so sincerely desired, without permitting her passion to deceive her as to the weakness of human nature. In the meanwhile, and in proportion as her years passed away, she treated her grief, as we do an incurable malady, but to which we learn to submit. In spite of the void in her heart, her life was active: and she occupied herself without ever being diverted from her sorrow. The education of her children, their pursuits, the regulation of her household, the interests and well-being of her relations, were the objects of her most assiduous care. "I am very glad," says Burnet, writing to her, "that you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess." And in fact her daughters had no other teacher than herself. She took care that her habitual melancholy should not interfere with the pleasures natural

to their age: when she returned to Stratton, she writes; "The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit." She bore a great affection for her father-in-law, the Earl of Bedford. He lost his wife; she gave up her plans of travelling, and remained with him. "I would not," she said, "choose to leave a good man under a new oppression of sorrow, that has been and is so very tender to me." She was consulted on all important events in the family, among others, the marriage of her brother-in-law, Edward Russell, to one of the daughters of Lord Gainsborough, father-in-law to her sister Elizabeth. It was known that her advice would be good, and her approbation would have great influence: "I have done it," she says, "though I wish she had made choice of any other person than myself, who, desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfitted for the management of any thing in it, but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children, as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me, to the memory of a husband, to

whom and his, I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days." The day when she would be called upon to discharge this great maternal duty arrived sooner than she anticipated: her daughter Rachel was only fourteen years old when Lord Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, made a proposal of marriage for her with his eldest son, then only sixteen. Lord Cavendish had been the most intimate and devoted friend of Lord Russell, so thoroughly devoted that he had earnestly endeavoured to persuade him to change clothes with him, and to escape from the Tower, remaining himself a prisoner in his place, to which Lord Russell would not consent. Deeply affected by the motives which prompted the proposal, and sensible of the distinction of such an alliance, Lady Russell accepted it with entire satisfaction: "I hope," she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam, "if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavours will prosper; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed. I am persuaded their father was such, and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it." The settlements were difficult to arrange; the most elevated sentiments are sometimes allied with meanness and obstinacy. "I have," says Lady Russell, "a well-bred Lord to deal with, yet inflexible if the point is not to his advantage." These conferences and discussions annoyed her. "I meet with hard difficulties in

the lawyers' hands; we are forced to be with a great many of that profession, which is very troublesome at this time to me, who would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affair, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living the rest of my days on earth. But I hope my duty shall always prevail above the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business; which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind; but yet I bless God I do it." The business came at length to an end, and on the 24th of June, 1688, her daughter married the young Lord Cavendish, who almost immediately departed to travel some time abroad.

Judging by appearances, it might be imagined that Lady Russell lived in strict seclusion, absorbed in her tender but painful recollections, holy thoughts, and the duties and cares of her family. We should be deceived. Hers was not a mind naturally very varied or fertile, nor willingly disposed to seek and find everywhere subjects of excitement or interest. Left to herself and to her ordinary life, she might have remained a stranger to the great ideas, and to the great transactions of her time; but she followed in the path of her husband, through her sympathy with him, and with a mind capable of understanding and appreciating all that was noble. She remained as faithful to the cause of Lord Russell as to his memory, and constantly

occupied in her isolation with the same subjects, the same principles of religious and political liberty which would have been the subject of their common anxiety and their most intimate conversation, had he been alive. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, awoke in her not only the most lively sympathy for the proscribed protestants, but reflections of profound and original morality: "Doctor," she writes to Fitzwilliam, "I will take your advice and vie my state with others, and begin with him in the highest prosperity, as himself thinks, the king of a miserable people; but truly the most miserable himself, by debasing as he does the dignity of human nature; and though for secret ends of providence, he is suffered to make those poor creatures drink deep of a most bitter cup, yet the dregs are surely reserved for himself. What a judgment is it upon an aspiring mind, when perhaps half the world knows not God, nor confesses the name of Christ as a Saviour, nor the beauty of virtue, which almost all the world has in derision, that it should not excite him to a reformation of faith and manners; but with such a rage turn his power to extirpate a people that own the gospel for their law and rule."

Her own country and what was passing in it still engaged her most thoroughly; the trial and death of Algernon Sidney, the accession of James II., the progress of his tyranny, the insurrection of Monmouth, and the severities then exercised towards the friends of the cause which was dear to her, revived her saddest remembrances. At times she found in these very

misfortunes an unexpected consolation. "The new scenes," she writes, "of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity, doubtless he is at rest though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs." But these outpourings of a pious soul do not for long appease real anxiety, nor real sorrow: the religious and political condition of England became daily more gloomy, and Lady Russell, passionately interested in the scene, became every day more sad and anxious about her children, her country, and the future of that cause for which Lord Russell had suffered.

IX.

THE Revolution of 1688 drew her from this state of anguish and monotony. After five years of widowhood, in the midst of defeat, Lady Russell, with the burden of her grief, passed suddenly to triumph.

She was at Woburn during the two months which passed between the disembarkation of the Prince of Orange and the final flight of King James. Far from the events and the turmoil of London, alone with her father-in-law and her children, she was, notwithstanding, well informed as to what was going on, and she followed its course with the subdued ardour of a sensible mind, which knows the uncertainty of great undertakings, and with a piety which commits her

country as well as her family to the hands of God. Her letters show, that she read with assiduity the journals, the pamphlets published on both sides, and that the details of the incidents both of the court and city frequently reached her. Anxious to know more, when she learnt that the Prince of Orange, and Burnet in his train, had arrived at Salisbury, she wrote to the latter by a special messenger: "I have, I may say, created *this*, since the bearer of it has no other errand than to carry this paper, and return charged, I hope, with such good reports as every good soul wishes for. Curiosity may be too eager, and therefore not be justified; but sure it is unavoidable. I do not ask you should satisfy any part of it, further than you can do in six lines. But I would see something of your handwriting upon English ground, and not read in print only the labour of your brains." When the event approached its completion, she went, with the Earl of Bedford, to spend a few days in London, and it was probably at that time that King James requesting the support of the Earl of Bedford, received from him this answer: "Sire, I had a son who might have been now the support of your Majesty." Lady Russell had a near view of the decisive measures which placed William III. on the throne: writing to Doctor Fitzwilliam, she says, "those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream; yet is indeed real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt and ravish our hearts with subjection and resignation to Him who

is the dispenser of all providences." Although she had held no intercourse with the Prince of Orange, they were neither indifferent nor unknown to each other; William knew too well the value of the name of Lord Russell, and the estimation which his widow obtained in England, not to take at once an especial advantage of it. When, in 1687, he sent his ambassador Dykeveldt to London, he ordered him to pay a visit to Lady Russell, and to express to her in his name, the profound esteem and the great interest that he entertained for her. I subjoin the detailed narrative of the visit, written on the 24th of March by Lady Russell: "I received a visit from M. Dyckveldt the Dutch ambassador. He spoke in French to this effect:—To condole on the part of the Prince and Princess of Orange my terrible misfortunes, of which they had had a very feeling sense, and continued still to have so; and as my loss was very great, so they believed my sorrow still was such, for whose person in particular, as also my own family and that I had married into, they had great respect and value, and should always readily take all occasions to show it: that it would be a great pleasure to them, if it would give any ease to my thoughts, to take the assurance that if it ever came to be in their power, there was nothing I could ask that they should not find a content in granting.

"That for the re-establishing of my son, what I should at any time see reason to ask, would be done in as full and ample a manner as was possible. That he did not deliver this message in a private capacity, but as

a public minister. Then, again, he hugely enlarged his compliment, giving me the content to tell me the high thoughts the Prince always had and still preserved of my excellent Lord, that his Highness had never accused his intentions, even at the time of his suffering, and had considered and lamented it as a great blow to the best interest of England and the protestant religion. That he had frequently before heard the Prince take occasion to speak of him, and that he ever did it as of one he had the best thoughts one could have of a man.

"And he said with protestation, that he did so with design to make an agreeable compliment to me that he found the very same justice given to his memory here, and that so universal, that even those who pretended no partiality to his person or actings, yet bore a reverence to his name; all allowing him that integrity, honour, courage, and zeal to his country to the highest degree a man can be charged with, and in this age, perhaps, singular to himself; and he added at this, completed with a great piety.

"Words to this effect, as near as my memory can carry it, he several times repeated, and gave me, as he termed it, one remarkable instance at what rate such who were not his professed friends esteemed his loss. It was this:—that dining at Mr. Skelton's, then the king of England's resident in Holland, immediately after the news was come thither of my Lord's sufferings, &c., M. Dyckveldt, taking notice of what had passed, and in such a manner as was most

proper for him to do, to Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton sat silent when he named the Lord Essex, but that upon my Lord Russell's name he replied upon it, 'The king has, indeed, taken the life of one man, but he has lost a thousand or thousands by it.' M. Dyckveldt then added, 'this I know to be the very sense of so many that I should not have repeated it, but for this reason I do it, because it was Mr. Skelton said it.'"

William, when proclaimed king, did not hesitate publicly to confirm the words which two years before his Minister conveyed to Lady Russell. The 13th of February, 1689, William and Mary, having in the morning accepted the crown from Parliament, held in the evening at the palace of Whitehall, their first solemn reception. Lady Russell was not there. Stranger to all worldly pomp, even to that of her own party, she neither quitted her house or put off her mourning; but her daughter, Lady Cavendish, appeared that evening at court with her mother-in-law, the Countess of Devonshire. She wrote the next day to her cousin, Miss Jane Allington: "At night I went to court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The king applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the queen

she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last queen. Her room was mighty full of company as you may guess."

Political acts followed closely on royal civilities. A bill was passed in Parliament to abolish the sentence against Lord Russell, by declaring it murder. One of the clauses stated that "the bill was passed on the demand of the Earl of Bedford and Lady Russell." Sir Thomas Clarges insisted that these words should be expunged: "The justice of the nation," he said, "is superior to all individual solicitations; this bill is not passed by favour, all England is interested in it." This was the second act that King William signed after his accession. A little later, and to testify at the same time his favour to two families, united by family ties and political opinions, he conferred on the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire the title of Dukes, and the letters patent to the new Duke of Bedford stated: "That it was not the least among the reasons for this favour, that he was the father to Lord Russell, the ornament of his age, whose great merits it was not enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they (the king and queen) were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his consummate virtue, whose name could never be forgot, so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love to their country, constant even to death."

Domestic gratifications attended Lady Russell at the same time as the reparation of political honours; she married her second daughter, Catherine, to Lord Roos, the eldest son of the Duke of Rutland, and her son, Lord Tavistock, only fifteen years old, to Miss Howland, a rich heiress of the county of Surrey. She did not decide hastily in either case, nor was she influenced by considerations alone of rank and fortune; she paused some time before placing her daughter in the family of the Duke of Rutland, on account of some scruples about a divorce, and she refused for her son a more wealthy match than the one she contracted for him. The celebrity of these alliances, and the prosperity of her family, attracted general attention to her without causing surprise or envy; the public loudly proclaimed its sympathy for this justice of God and man towards sorrowing virtue, and the relations, the friends of the Russells, the Cavendishes and the Wriothesleys took pleasure in relating to Lady Russell, in her retirement at Southampton House, the joyous festivities to which she remained a stranger. Her daughter Catherine, after her marriage with Lord Roos, was taken by her husband to Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, her father-in-law; on this occasion, the same gentleman, (Sir James Forbes,) by whom, ten years previously, Lord Cavendish had conveyed to Lord Russell when under sentence of death, the offer to take his place in person that he might escape, writes to Lady Russell: "I could not miss this opportunity of giving your Lady-

ship some account of Lord Roos' and Lady Roos' journey, and their reception at Belvoir, which looked more like the progress of a king and queen through their country than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house. At their first entry into Leicestershire, they were received by the High Sheriff at the head of all the gentlemen of the county, who all paid their respects, and complimented the lady bride at Harborough. She was attended next day to this place by the same gentlemen, and by thousands of other people, who came from all places of the country to see her, and to wish them both joy, even with huzzas and acclamations.

"As they drew near to Belvoir our train increased, with some coaches, and with fresh troops of aldermen and corporations, besides a great many clergymen, who presented the bride and bridegroom (for so they are still called) with verses upon their happy marriage. I cannot better represent their first arrival at Belvoir, than by the Woburn song that Lord Bedford liked so well; for at the gate were four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row; four-and-twenty trumpeters, with their tan tara ra ras; four-and-twenty ladies, and as many parsons; and in great order they went in procession to the great apartment, where the usual ceremony of saluting and wishing of joy passed. After this, time passed away till supper in visiting all the apartments of the house, and in seeing the preparations for the sack posset, which was the most extraordinary thing I did ever see; and much greater than it was represented to

be. After supper, which was exceeding magnificent, the whole company went in procession to the great hall; the bride and bridegroom first, and all the rest in order, two and two; there it was the scene opened, and the great cistern appeared, and the healths began; first in spoons, some time after in silver cups; and though the healths were many, and great variety of names given to them, it was observed after one hour's hot service, the posset did not sink above one inch, which made my Lady Rutland call in all the family, and then upon their knees the bride and bridegroom's health, with prosperity and happiness, was drunk in tankards brim full of sack posset. This lasted till past twelve o'clock."

At the same time that this account of aristocratic and popular fêtes was conveyed to her, Lady Russell received from her pious friends, congratulations which no doubt harmonized better with the state of her mind. Burnet, become bishop of Salisbury, in a letter to her, says: "You have passed through very different scenes of life; God has reserved the best to the last. I do make it a standing part of my poor prayers twice a day, that as now your family is the greatest in its three branches that has been in England in our age, so that it may in every one of these answer those blessings by an exemplary holiness, and that both you and they may be public blessings to the age and nation."

She had scarcely married her son when she received a proposal for him as flattering as singular. A general election was about to take place; the Duke of Shrews-

bury, Lord Steward, and Lord Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, requested Lady Russell to consent that her son, notwithstanding his youth, (he was only fifteen,) should offer himself as a candidate for the county of Middlesex: on this occasion Sir James Forbes writes to her: "although I make all the objections against it that I think the Duke of Bedford or your Ladyship can make, yet they were still of one opinion that it is your interest, and for the honour of the family that he should stand at present. And being joined by Sir John Woolstonholme, a very honest man, they doubt not but they will carry it with a high hand, and thereby keep out two notorious Tories, which can never be done otherwise. When I told their Lordships that my Lord Tavistock was soon going to Cambridge, and afterwards to travel for two or three years, the Duke of Shrewsbury answered, that they would not hinder any thing of that design, for he needed not to appear but once at the election, when he would be attended by several thousands of gentlemen and other persons on horseback out of town, and the charges would but be little or nothing; and the Duke of Shrewsbury bid me tell your Ladyship that if you did consent he should stand, which he doubted not but you would, since it was on so good an account, that then they must have leave to set him up for that day only by the name of Lord Russell, which would bring ten thousand more on his side, if there be so many freeholders in the county."

What temptations these to the love and the conjugal and maternal pride of Lady Russell!

X.

SHE did not yield to them, having two powerful aids in resisting them, her piety and grief. On the occasion of the titles and honours conferred on the family of Russell, "I would have done," said she, "all which depended on me to procure them; but all these outward things cannot bring one any real joy." She rejected, with a good sense full of modesty, the premature triumph which politics held out to her son. Writing to her brother-in-law, Lord Edward Russell, she says: "Friday's post brought me the enclosed paper. Pray, my Lord, will you take the pains to read it, and then if you do not know it will be impertinent, I entreat you to wait on the Duke of Shrewsbury, to whose judgment I have so great a deference, that if I could imagine he was much in earnest and is so still, ... it would make me doubtful of the weight of my own reason against it, and I believe, would have the same effect upon your father, who at present knows nothing of Sir James' letter, nor what I am now doing; and if you remember how averse he expressed himself but a few days ago, upon the reading of a letter I had received with the same advice, you will guess that nothing less than the authority of his Grace's constant opinion can change Lord Bedford's, which is grounded on the apprehensions that such an interruption as being elected a parliament man, would make in his education, might undo him

for the time to come to all intents and purposes; and really I am so much of that mind as to fear the mischief would be past retrieving. However, as I am very jealous to do everything I think best for my son, so I am too in my submission to persons so much wiser than myself, who wish well to us. I beg of you not to forget to give me a line or two by the next post—for, till then, Good Sir James is kept in suspense."

Maternal wisdom gained the victory over the interests of party, and instead of presenting himself to the electors of Middlesex, Lord Tavistock went to the university of Oxford to complete his education, "where our young nobility," says Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam, "should pass some of their time, which has been neglected for many years."

Good judgment, rectitude and moral delicacy were displayed by this lady in the most simple incidents of private life, warned and put on her guard against the prejudices, the frivolities, and the assumptions too common in the old nobility. Before she decided on giving her daughter Catherine to the son of the Duke of Rutland, she inquired of him, "whether your Lordship does not think we owe this to the young couple, that they should see one another a little more than they have done; and so at least guess at each other's humour, before we venture to make them, as I hope they shall be, a happy couple." Some years later she had two livings in her gift to dispose of: she wrote to one of her friends, Sir Robert Worsley, "I find both

places well disposed to receive Mr. Swayne. I hope he is worthy of the gift, and believe you think him so. If you should know anything why he is not, though as a friend you might wish he were the incumbent, yet I am persuaded that in a just regard to the weight of the matter, and to me who ask it from you, if you know any visible reason that he is not a proper person for such a preferment, that you will caution me in it; for I profess to you, Sir, I think the care of so many souls is a weighty charge; and I have been willing to take time to consider whose hands I put these into. I can with all my scruples, make no exception to Mr. Swayne."

So much virtue and wisdom, the same through trials the most opposite, in the midst of the favours as well as the severities of fortune, obtained for Lady Russell, among the people as in the court of England, a consideration and even almost moral authority, rarely obtained by women who have made more noise in the world. Both before and after their elevation to the throne, King William and Queen Mary continued to Lady Russell the same respect, and the same regard to her wishes. At the time of the revolution, when the formal adhesion of the Princess Anne to the coronation of the Prince of Orange was necessary, Lady Churchill, who afterwards became Duchess of Marlborough and the confidant of the Princess, would not counsel her in this resolution "until after she had advised with parties of a wisdom and indisputable integrity, especially Lady Russell of Southampton

House, and Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury." Tillotson hesitated a long time before accepting this archbishopric from the hands of a king whose title was not recognised by one part of the English Church; it was Lady Russell who decided him. Consulted by her on several occasions, and aware of the earnest solicitations which the king addressed to him, after having considered and weighed the Dean's scruples, she wrote to him: "The time seems to be come that you must put anew in practice, that submission, you have so powerfully both tried yourself, and instructed others to; . . . . I believe you would be as much a common good as you can; consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head, when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it."

With her best friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, Lady Russell had not the same success; whether from real scruples of conscience, or the fear of bearing the blame of a portion of his church, he refused to take the oath, and gave up his preferment. Lady Russell, equally conscientious, tried to dissuade him from this resolution: "I am very sorry the case stands with you as it does in reference to the oath; and still wonder why it does so! and all this is the acceptation of a word which I never heard two declare the meaning of, but they differed in their sense of it. You say you could have taken it in the sense some worthy men have

done? Why will you be more worthy than those men? It is supererogation. If you can avoid mental reservation, that's the biggest thing to me, for I hate that to God or man; properly I know we can have none to God, though we may wish to have it; but I abhor that wish. . . . . When I began to write in this paper, I meant not one word of all I have said on this subject, but I know, good Doctor, you will take it right; accept well of my good meaning towards you, and excuse my defects. I pretend not to argue, but where my wishes are earnest, I speak without reserve; some times by surprise, but take it as it is." This difference of opinion did not for a moment alter their pious intimacy.

On every occasion, with all her relations, Lady Russell after the triumph of her cause, and in the midst of her own triumph, was as judicious, as much a stranger to all infatuation, as liberal in mind and heart as she had been firm and constant in the midst of adversity. In one single circumstance only, I find her unreasonable and rather overbearing. She had strongly recommended for admission as one of the king's counsellors, William Cowper, a very distinguished young man, who afterwards in the reign of George I. became Lord Chancellor, and was elevated to the peerage by the title of Earl Cowper. This demand was met by very strong opposition; a dispensation on account of his age was necessary. Lady Russell insisted at first with Lord Halifax, then with Sir H. Pollexfen, Attorney General, and her letter to the

latter, terminated with this sentence: "I undertake very few things, and therefore do very little good to people, but I do not love to be baulked, when I thought my end compassed." It is the only trace that I have found of a pretension in this upright and humble mind, legitimately founded on the worth of him who was its object, but impressed with a slight degree of pride and prejudice.

Lady Russell, moreover, knew herself better and judged herself more severely than the most rigid moralist would have done. After her death an unfinished paper was found, written with a hand enfeebled by age; in which under a form of prayer, and with that humility a little alarmed which is a distinguishing feature of real Christianity, she passed in review the changes of her life, and rendered an account of her errors and sins, and implored the pardon of God. I read in it this passage; "Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring slights or neglects ..... Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry, and without excuse too often; and by it may have grieved those who desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naughty heart." I am not inclined to judge Lady Russell as harshly as she did herself, but in thus severely accusing her-

self of pride, and of unreasonableness, she touched in part the weak point of her mind, and evinced both an act of penetration as well as of sincerity.

In proportion as she grew old, surrounded by so much respect, honoured in her mourning, content with her family and her country, a mild and gentle change took possession of her: the same recollections, and sorrows though still present, were not felt with the same poignancy. Without curing her malady, time, habit, weariness, and that weaning from self which age brings to rightly disposed minds, soothed her painful sorrows; affection for her children, anxiety for their happiness and virtue, occupied a larger space in her heart, and left room for the bitter and passionate reminiscences of her own past life; religion, its anxieties, its duties, its exercises became her study and her habitual practice. In a word, she became calm, and resigned herself as a Christian, ever devoted to the same love, but more and more submissive to God, trusting in eternity, and still more engaged in deserving it, than in haste to attain it. These sentiments are displayed in a long letter, which, in 1691, she wrote to her children before the marriage of her second daughter and son, giving them in the most intimate confidence, advice, example and exhortations of her faith and her tenderness. "My dear children, I write this upon the 21st of July, 1691—a day of sad remembrances to me, it being that whereon your excellent father was taken from us with much severity to my lasting sorrow, and your loss. I have not yet

omitted on this day (but when prevented by sickness) to humble and afflict myself under the mighty hand of God, pouring out my soul before Him in prayer and fasting, as first to testifie my humiliation for all my sins . . . . I recollect as well as I can what they have been, and, as a help to my memory, after the same manner I set yours down, and gave it you when you first received the sacrament." She relates to her children the daily practices which she imposed upon herself, so that none of her actions should escape scrupulous examination. Her habitual prayers, her readings, whether in the Holy Scriptures or in works of religious edification: "When I have done, I take my paper and consider what I have been most faulty in this week—as wandering in prayer, or negligent in reading, or passionate, or envious, or what else. I set it down (in as few words as I can) at the foot of my daily notes for that week; . . . . and on upon the first Friday in every month, just before I use my confession, I look upon my notes and consider the actions of the whole month, if nothing but common has happened the less examination will suffice; only I take care so to recollect as may represent any thing that is remarkable or great, either to be matter of sorrow or thanksgiving; . . . . this gets on a habit of constant watchfulness, and at sacrament time, or at any other time that I would examine myself, I find it a great help to read this. It saves much time in looking back, ... and though it may seem a hard task at first, yet a little use makes it none, yet if it

help us to live more reverently and usefully, doing this upon trial be found less paines to such as mean to be serious in religion; .... and now my children believe your mother, there is nothing now in this world can touch me very sorely but my children's concerns, and although I love your bodies but too well, yet if my heart deceive me not 'tis as nothing in comparison of your more precious souls; when I have the least jealousy that any of you have ill inclinations, or not so good as I would gladly have them, or fear that you tread though never so little out of the right path, how it pierces my soul in fear and anguish for yours—if you love or bear any respect for the memory of your father, do not endanger a separation from him and me in the next life .... remember this life at longest is short, and how short none can tell .... 'tis the witness of an honest and good life in the day of trouble and distress, no refreshment then but in a well founded hope to enjoy a happy eternity, and to what a degree that calms and sweetens the most bitter sorrows is inconceivable by such as have not felt it, as I bless God I have ever since I could get over the astonishment of so great and so sudden a blow; when I am cast down with some sad reflections what I have lost, I do as soon as I can turn my thoughts to consider that in a short time I shall leave this world and go to a place, where I shall see him who died for me .... and shall meet all my pious friends again, ... O my beloved children take care we meet again .... you may take all the innocent delights of life; but

if they shut out religious thoughts and performances, and devour and take up all our time, then indeed we sin; . . . . but be devout and regular in your duties to God—heaven will be secure and pleasures innocent."

I believe it hardly possible to find an instance of maternal exhortation at once so gentle and so serious, nor one in which love ever anxious is so closely allied with fervent piety. Lady Russell had need to collect all her fortitude; her trials were not yet terminated. Ten years after she had addressed this pious language to her children, we find her at the bed-side of her son, now Duke of Bedford, who had been suddenly attacked by the small pox; from fear of contagion the young Duchess of Bedford and her children had been sent away, the mother alone remained, sustaining the courage and receiving the last words of her dying son. He died. Some days after Lady Russell wrote to her cousin, Henri de Ruvigny: "Alas! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

"I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by His grace to rest contented with what His unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contem-

plation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon Him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me of my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? the decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman."

Six months had hardly passed away, when a new stroke fell upon Lady Russell; her second daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died in child-birth. Of her three children, her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire alone remained to her, and she had just been confined. Resolute in concealing from her the death of her sister, and pressed by enquiries, Lady Russell replied, "I have just seen your sister out of bed." She had seen her in her coffin.

Nearly twenty years before this last misfortune, in 1692, Lady Russell was nearly deprived of her eyesight; the operation for cataract, though successfully performed, only afforded a difficult and precarious use.

There remain consequently, in this late period of her life but very few letters, profoundly sad, but calm, as a prisoner who has witnessed the departure from their common prison of all those she loved, and who awaits her own deliverance. The 28th of May, 1716, she writes to her cousin, Lord Galway, also suffering under domestic afflictions: "I pray to God to fortify your spirit under every trial; till eternity swallows all our troubles, all our sorrows, all our disappointments, and all our pains in this life. The longest how short to eternity!" In September, 1723, Lady Russell was alone in London, still in her residence of Southampton House, where she had lived with her father and her husband, and since her widowhood. The 26th of this month her granddaughter, Lady Rachel Morgan, writes from Chatsworth to her brother, Lord James Cavendish: "The bad account we have received of grandmama Russell has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mama has left us and gone to London. * * * * I believe she has stopped the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. I should be very glad that mama should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmama asked for her." God granted to the mother and daughter this last happiness. Lady Russell expired on the 29th of September, 1723, in the arms of her last remaining child. A journal of the day, the British Gazette, on the 5th of October, announced her death in the following words: "The Right Honour-

able the Lady Russell, relict of Lord Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, at Southampton House, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her lord." Two other journals only record the event. The last words of Lord Russell to Burnet were now true for his wife, as they had been for himself: she had done with time, and entered into eternity.

I have taken a lively interest in portraying a character so pure in love, so constant in grief, ever great but humble in greatness, faithful and devoted to her feelings and her duties, in sorrow and in joy, in adversity and in triumph. Our age is tainted with a deplorable malady; it believes in no passion, unless accompanied with exaggeration; unbounded love, perfect devotion, all those exalted and ardent feelings the masters of the mind, only seem possible to it, when carried beyond the pale of the laws of morality and social propriety; all order is in its eyes a yoke, which paralyses all submission; a slavery which debases, every flame is extinguished if it does not become a conflagration. An evil the more serious, since it is not an attack of fever, nor the outbreak of exuberant force; it has its source in perverse doctrines, in the rejection of all law, all faith, all superhuman existence, in the idolatry of man, putting himself in the place of his Creator; himself, and himself alone, his only pleasure and his sole desire: and to this evil another is added, not less deplorable: man not only does not worship more than himself, but he worships himself only as

one of the multitude in which all individuality is lost; he bears hatred and envy to all that rises above the common level; all superiority, all individual greatness, of whatever kind or name, seems to such minds at once mad and degenerate, a sin and an oppression towards that chaos of undefined and ephemeral beings which they call humanity. When some great scandal is discovered in the highest ranks of society, some odious instance of vice and crime, they triumph, and bring forward these disgraceful occurrences against social superiority. They wish us to believe that these are the ordinary morals, the natural consequences of high birth, great wealth, and aristocratic rank, no matter by what title or on what foundation it is raised. When we have been assailed by these base doctrines, and the shameful passions which give them birth and spring from them, when we have felt the repugnance and weighed the danger, it is a refreshing enjoyment to meet one of those noble examples which give them so brilliant a contradiction. As much as I respect human nature in its whole, so much I admire and love these exalted images of mankind, which personify and place on a lofty eminence, under visible features and with their real name, that which is most noble and most pure. Lady Russell presents to the mind this beautiful and honest gratification. She is a noble christian Lady. She is not a stranger to me, her feelings touch me, her fate prepossesses me, as if she was living and before my eyes; and I have the con-

fidence that in departing from this life, burdened with so many cruel trials, she is gone to that world invisible to us, until the day when God shall call us thither, to receive in the presence of her well-beloved husband, the recompense of her virtues and of her sufferings.

THE END.

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